

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2,00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1883.

NO. 188.

SPANISH Onions, 10 cents each, or three for 25.

Hogs were sold as high as \$5.50 per cwt. here yesterday, for home use.

JEFF MARTIN and Ellen Tevis, got hitched at the Court-house, yesterday.

JOHN K. POLK, who killed Mart Owens at Roundston, on Nov. 21, has delivered himself up.

THE latest report is that 100,000 unarmed Kentuckians are in Washington seeking office.

At Cynthia, George Martin seriously cut J. M. Lowry, with whom he had drank and quarreled.

MAYER PURNELL fined Alf Wornell \$10 and costs, for driving a drove of cattle through the city, Sunday.

A NICHOLASVILLE boy named Lewis, while loading a pistol to shoot his father, accidentally shot himself.

The grand jury found 44 indictments at Mt. Sterling, principally against infractors of the local option.

CHRISTMAS is coming at a Maud S. gait, and not a church oyster has yet been driven through the water.

RATCLIFF & HOWE have rented the Kimbrough House, at Carlisle, and will take possession January 1st.

KENTUCKY Representatives introduced 150 private bills in Congress, Monday, most of them for war claims.

A COLORED man, with his wife, and one small dog, captured fourteen fat 'possums in one night in Franklin county.

TRAIN will run through from Owensboro to Russellville on the Owensboro and Nashville railroad by the last of this week.

HERMAN WAGONER, a tailor, was run over and killed by the cars while walking on the track in the suburbs of Hopkinsville.

GEO BLAIR, colored, broke into a store near Hopkinsville, and was surrounded and shot to death by a band of citizens as he ran out.

THE Interior Journal says that public opinion is about equally divided in Garrard county as to George Denny's guilt or innocence.

THE freight business is remarkably dull on the K. C. this week; several trains failed to go out for want of something to haul, Wednesday.

EDWARD O'SULLIVAN, formerly a merchant, was found dead in bed at Flemingsburg, Tuesday morning. He was a subject of asthma.

MARKEBERRY's ware-house containing 5,000 bushels of wheat, barley and hemp seed, burned Wednesday morning at Lancaster. Insurance, \$10,000.

AT Lexington the Circuit Court awarded Miss Georgia Richardson \$300 in her suit against John P. Haines for \$10,000 damages for slandering her.

HUSBANDS, sweethearts and those wanting to be such and cannot, can succeed in their cherished desire by buying their Christmas presents from Croxton.

REV. FORQUER played robber at Eminence, "just for fun," and was shot dead by a colored boy who was sent around the house to ascertain what the noise was.

THE noon passenger train for Lexington, ran off the track at the Richmond Junction, near the fair grounds yesterday, on account of a misplaced switch. No damage.

WE have a secret to tell our readers to-day. It is this: Joe Z. Croxton has the largest and finest stock of toys ever brought to this city. They range from a cent to \$25 each.

BURDETTE's subject for his lecture next Wednesday evening, is "The Pilgrimage of the Funny Man." Lecture at 8 o'clock. All church people and all others should hear him.

JOHN BRENT swore out an injunction Wednesday to stop the K. C. workmen from laying the side track to their coal workmen, but before the injunction could be served the track was laid.

A DRUNKEN man named Embry, got into a private difficulty with his team, near Spring Lick, and cut one horse's throat and was going to kill the other one, but was prevented by a neighbor.

JOE CROXTON's store is now the center of attraction in this city, on account of his having on hand a freight train load of toys, Christmas candies, &c. Anything you call for, he has in stock.

MARION CHEATHAM, formerly of Montgomery county, where he married a Miss O'rear committed suicide near Butler, Mo., by tying a 30 pounds rock to his neck and jumping into a well.

W. H. WHALEY bought a flock of turkeys last week and made good money. This week being flushed with success, he bought another flock of twenty-two from a colored man, and lost ten cents on them.

THE reason that business failures are on the increase in the Union, is that the population is on the increase, and that there are too many popin-jays going into business that don't know anything about it.

REV. J. W. HANDLEY, the Universalist who preached the funeral of Sid B. Kennedy, will deliver a free lecture on Universalism, at our Court-house, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Everybody respectfully invited.

THE Ladies' Aid Society played to a crowded hall last night. The play was an allegorical cast representing different nations paying homage to America—the source of their enlightenment in way of religious development.

AT Newport a horse attached to a wagon in which nine small children had been left by careless parents took fright and ran a mile before he was stopped. The children were all right, the wagon having failed to turn over.

THE unknown lady who drowned herself at the foot of Smith street, Cincinnati, on Friday, is believed to have been Miss Ollie Hubbard, of Maysville, who quarreled with her suitor.

MRS. J. K. CLARK sold 15 turkey hens that averaged 16 pounds, and 21 gobblers that averaged 22 pounds. One hen which weighed 17 pounds she kept for a brood hen. These were all last Spring's hatching, and were sold at \$2 each.

THE Lexington Transcript at this early day suggests that the people might do worse next time than elect Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, Governor, presumably, for the purpose reinstating Dick Morgan as steward of the Asylum.

GEORGE MENIFEE, colored, died last week, near Shepherdsville, from poison occasioned from wearing a green and red striped flannel shirt. The flesh sloughed from his body in a putrid mass before death relieved him of his sufferings.

A GANG of burglars, after robbing most of the houses in Lexington, have commenced operations at this place. On Wednesday night they robbed Judge Matt Turney's house of all the solid silverware in it, leaving all of the plated ware.

THE alarm of fire was given Wednesday night about nine o'clock, in consequence of some bluegrass chaff which was piled against Noe's stable having been set on fire. The rescues promptly responded to the call but were not needed.

JOHN W. WATSON, of Maysville, has bought a fourth interest in the Clay distillery near this city, and the company has determined to start it to running about the first of March. There is also a prospect of Mr. Watson becoming a citizen of our city.

TONEY JONES, of Lexington, who was arrested and bailed out for stealing a horse at Georgetown, was again arrested at Lexington, for stealing two cows at Newtown. He was again bailed out by his father, who has since assigned and skipped out for Virginia.

A NATIONAL congress of rare imported antiquated smells down in the bottom near Houston bridge, has been broken up and cleared out by the city authorities. It is said that Judge Turney and Harry Brent analyzed and catalogued 3,900 out of a possible 4,000 of them.

SATURDAY night, while driving in the vicinity of Kiddville, Clark county, the horse of Geo. A. Bean took fright, ran away, broke up his buggy and threw him to the ground, broke several ribs and gave him several other injuries. Mr. Bean is a prominent farmer and short-horn breeder in Clark county.

THE mail-carrier between our post-office and the depot, has treated himself to one of the new hand-carts of which our Circuit Clerk J. M. Jones is the patentee. It is a very handsome and convenient little vehicle. The express companies robbed the poor boy of something over \$11 for bringing it from Chicago.

THE Board of Commissioners of the Lexington Insane Asylum, met Wednesday, and refused to ratify the appointment of Leach as receiver, and have placed themselves in open conflict with the Governor and other State authorities. The Governor will be justifiable in inviting the board to resign, and will probably do so to-day.

TOM HENRY, in a card published in the Frankfort Yeoman, says: "I am perfectly willing—yea, anxious—that a jury of honest, fair and sober newspaper men (I presume the latter named class can be found) investigate my standing here and elsewhere, and I will cheerfully submit to a fair and candid report, however severe it may be, without a word of complaint."

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Arrested for Infanticide.

YESTERDAY morning a dog was found walking around Claysville, a suburban village of this city, with the leg of a newly-born mulatto infant in its mouth. The facts being reported to Coroner Ed. Ray, a jury was summoned, who repaired to the village, and a search being made, the other leg and that portion of the body from the waist up was found. The legs had been cut off with a knife, and the body had been cut in halves at the waist, and the pieces thrown into the yards of different residences—all having been found but the lower portion of the body, save the legs. Suspicion at once pointed to a colored woman named Rachael Murphy, daughter of Dan Murphy, in whose yard a portion of the remains were found. The jury found that the remains were those of a child given birth to by Rachael Murphy, and that the child was born alive. The brutal mother being arrested, confessed her guilt to Jailer McCarney, but said that the child lived but an hour, and died a natural death. A white man is said to be the father of the child.

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SCINTILLATIONS.

—Dr. Tilton is very ill, at Carlisle.

—Flour is \$40 per barrel at some of the mines in Montana.

—Charlie Swift, of Clark county, is a juror in the United States Court, at Covington.

—The Bourbon Club will probably have a hop at the Bourbon House, during the holidays.

—Elid Clay, from Harrodsburg, spent several days visiting relatives here this week.

—Mr. T. Hierly, solicitor for the Maysville Republican, paid us a call Wednesday afternoon.

—H. M. Roseberry has returned home from the Hot Springs, Ark., much improved in health.

—Mrs. Theodore Tilton is teaching music in Brooklyn. H. W. B. now has no desire to take lessons.

—Hon. Tom Stuart, of Winchester, and many other presidential aspirants, are in Washington.

—Masquerade mite society meeting tonight at the Kimbrough House, Carlisle, by the Methodists ladies.

—There are 227 theatrical companies on the road in the United States, and Paris can't get a show of any kind.

—Mrs. Belle Taylor has been paid her church debt at last, by the Christian Church ladies. They are putting a new roof on their church. The mén, oh! where are they?

—Harmon Ayers took to Missouri with him, George Ann Miller and her husband, as servants; servants were so scarce in Missouri that himself and son had been doing their own cooking for months.

—John S. Vlont, 85 years of age, at his second meal in the town of Millersburg (excepting the one at the select mush supper. He has lived here all his life, and once ate with his old friend Jane Kinneair.

—Stuart Johnson has purchased 1,000 acres of land near Albany, Tenn. The land is enclosed by wire fence, has on it a fair frame house and never falling water. He also gets 12 head of cattle, 4 horses and farming implements. Price paid, \$7,100.

—Instead of the usual invitation about Christmas time to partake of the contents of the "little Brown Jug," we hear, "Please sir put a nickel in my jug for the missionary cause," and the wee tings ones say: "Ma says put a nickel in my jug."

—A Lexington distiller received orders from eight States for whisky, Wednesday.

—Young men of this city are now straining their eyes red looking through cylindrical glasses, hunting for the new comet. The roofs on the saloons, though, generally obscure it from their vision.

—Mr. Kloffenkloffenjorferjah, a young Russian tailor in the employ of Davis & Davis, is a member of Prof. Osborne's dancing class. He can only speak two words of English, but can sing a regular United States foot in dancing.

—Sarah Bernhardt, says Oscar Wilde "is all moonlight and sunlight combined, exceeding terrible, magnificently glorious. Mary Anderson is pure and fearless as a mountain daisy; full of change as a river; tender, fresh, sparkling, brilliant superb, plaid."

—Prof. Osborne's dancing class met Tuesday night for the first time, in the dining room of the Bourbon House. Eighteen scholars were present, and all were delighted with the Professor's mode of instruction. He has a school of etiquette in connection with the exercises, which adds a polish to the gawky youth not attained elsewhere.

—Dunlap Howe, of Carlisle, was married Wednesday, to Miss Lizzie Lee Stitt, daughter of H. M. Stitt, at Flemingsburg. Sam Howe, of Cincinnati, and Miss Tommie Stitt were the attendants.

—There is a beautiful Christmas fragrance in the air. In all the stores all over the city the windows are beginning to acknowledge the reign of the great coming king—Santa Claus. No monarch in the world rules over a greater empire. He is enshrined in the hearts of millions of the little ones of every race and of every clime. In no part of the world is he more of a king than in the republic. He is the only king we know—the king of peace, of good will, of all the tenderest affections that humanity can feel. He comes to us in the season of storms, but no tropic sun ever scattered more warmth than is diffused from his heavy snow-flecked locks. There is no music so sweet as the footfall of his reindeer. May it be heard in every home on the coming Christmas Eve.

—The Shannon correspondent of the Maysville Bulletin, who attended the Sweeney and Hansford debate, has the following to say of it: The recent debate at Sardis has profoundly affected the thought of this neighborhood. People are searching and quoting the scriptures to sustain their positions and many of them in trying to justify their prejudices are heaping infamy upon the Deity. People go through this world sinning and repenting, doing good and evil, and I insist that in the next world, as in this, the most depraved will have the hope of reform and the endless chance of good. I insist that Jehovah as the keeper of a prison where none ever come, where no pardons are ever issued. Such things are done here on earth of respect for the human standard of justice, and surely the God of infinite wisdom and mercy can never fail below the idea of depraved and barbarous man.

—ALDEN Evaporated Fruits, very fine, domestic dried fruits, best and cheapest, at SPEARS, CHAMBERS & CO.

—FOR SALE.—First-class piano, good as new at a bargain. Address Post Office box 129, Paris, Ky.

—The celebrated spices, imported by H. F. Pinkney, of New York, can always be found with SPEARS, CHAMBERS & CO.

—These beautiful sunsets are playing to crowded still-waltz parties at the front gates every evening.

—THANKSGIVING DECORATIONS.—Figs, dates, mangos, grapes, bananas, celery, lettuce, turnips, Florida oranges, apples, coconuts, turkeys, cranberries, prunes, raisins, oysters, mincemeat, &c., for sale by SPEARS, CHAMBERS & CO. C. F. DIDLAKE & CO.

—Frank James has joined the church. About the first religious act that he would be guilty of after getting out, would be to paint the hat around.

—E. B. MALLORY & Co. are unrivaled oyster packers. They now make both fresh and salted goods. Their cans are full, the oysters large, and are guaranteed all O. K. when they leave the houses of SPEARS, CHAMBERS & CO. C. F. DIDLAKE & CO.

—Young man, your mother-law will expect something grand as a Christmas gift, and her detective eagle eye will permit no shoddy gift with the price marked up to ten dollars.

—Mrs. S. J. TURNER has returned from Cincinnati, where she purchased a large stock of Christmas goods, of fancy, not ordinary, &c. She has also put down the price on her large stock of millinery goods and will rush them off at amazingly low figures. Be sure to call and see her before buying your holiday goods.

—MAJOR CHENNEWORTH's old war horse died at Maysville, on Thanksgiving day, at 29 years of age.

—Mr. Clarkson, at Ewalt's Cross Roads, sold his crop of ten acres, to Charlie Clarke, of Millersburg, at 15 cents all around and \$25 premium.

—A wagon load of Irish potatoes were sold in Glasgow last week, every potato weighing over a pound, and many of them a pound and a half each.

—The committee appointed to investigate the eligibility of the Buckner Jerseys to registration, has reported favorably, and they are admitted to registration. This ends the Jersey war in Bourbon.

MILLERSBURG.</h2

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : KENTUCKY.

THE TRUE LOVER.

Do you ask me, Starry Eyes,
To describe the lover true?
Wonder not at my surprise—
Who should know as well as you!
Think of all that you have seen,
All the lovers that have been;
He is true whose love is shown
For her sake, and not his own.

What he does, he does alone;
Yet he hopes it was not thought;
All that in his soul he grows;
To his own feet is brought;
To his soul her image clings,
She seems woven in all things,
And each thought that in him stirs
Is not for her sake, but hers.

For her sake he will endure;
For her sake will sacrifice;
Bravely bearing, her love sure,
Censure, slander, scorn, advice.
If another wins her, he will
Sail away from her part;
Sadly, bravely, true love is
For her sake and not for his.

This is the true lover sweet—
Love as ever I have known;
For you, my love, is complete—
Perfect since it comes from you,
Darling, yet 'tis not true—not!
For I would not let you go;
I must keep you where you've grown,
For my sake, and not your own.

For your own, because I love
More than any other can;
More than ever love could move
Him of such a noble man.
Look at me and then agree—
None have ever loved like me;
For whatever I may do
Because I live in you.

Kiss, and so shut speech away;
When old age our life has spent
'Twill be time enough to say
What is love in argument;
For the present all stars shine;
You are here and you are mine;
Love makes light, and song and flowers,
For whose sake? Dear love, for ours.
—F. W. Loring, in Boston Transcript.

MISS ATKINSON'S OPINIONS.

"Oh, Will, I am so glad!" and pretty Mrs. Danvers, quite forgetful of the soft balls of many-colored worsteds in her lap, rose hurriedly to meet her husband. "I had a very, very, very important letter to-day—from London."

"From London, Fan? I did not think that you knew any one in London."

"I was three years in a London boarding-school, sir! Do you think it is only men who make bosom-friends at school? John Lawrence and you were chums at school, and are ridiculous about each other yet; I suppose I can have a school friend, too."

"Nonsense, Fan! David and Jonathan have no sisters. Women get a husband, and then there is an end of my darling Angelina, and 'my darling Fanny.'"

"Her name is not Angelina, sir, and she always called me Frances. If there is one thing Elizabeth detests it is nicknames. She used to say: 'If your name is Frances, don't allow any one to call you anything else.' She is quite a remarkable woman, Will, I assure you."

"And her name is Elizabeth?"

"Yes—Elizabeth Atkinson. She is very rich—very rich, indeed; and I thought, Will, dear, if I could get her to be baby's godmother—she's an old maid. Will—she might leave baby something, you know."

"You mercenary little mother! You would lay the weight of those two dreadful names upon baby for the sake of a possible legacy? Elizabeth—Atkinson—Danvers. The little mite could not bear it, Fan."

"We could call her 'Bessie,' Will; her godmother would never know. Bessie is pretty; don't you think so?"

"No, I do not think so. I am for calling her Lily, or Violet, or Grace, or something flowery and pretty."

"I never knew a girl called Lily that did not grow up fat and red, or one called Violet that was not loud and vulgar, or one called Grace that was not ill-tempered and gawky. Now there is something very stately about Elizabeth."

"And very likely baby will grow up a little, fluttering, frizzily-haired fairy, all curves, and ringlets and ribbons."

"I am ashamed of you, Will, talking about your own dear, darling little daughter in that way. And after all the trouble I have taken to select a proper godmother for her! And Elizabeth so delighted, and coming all the way to New York to see her goddaughter, too, and everything else. I must say I expected more appreciation from you, Will. Lilian Morris was here this afternoon, and she of course opposed Elizabeth. I expected that. She is all for those horrid Saxon names, like Maud, and Elfrida and Bertha. But a man of the world—a sensible man like you, Will! I am astonished."

"Oh, don't scold, Fan. I think Elizabeth lovely; and as you say, we can call her Lizzy."

"No, Will, I never said Lizzy. Lizzy, indeed! I said Bessie."

"Yes, dear, Bessie. I beg pardon."

"And I shall write to Miss Atkinson to say that we will have the christening in May, if that suits you, Will."

"Yes, yes; that suits me very well, John and I are going to the Adirondacks in June, but it will be all over by that time."

"All over, Will! I must say that is not flattering the baby."

"I dare say baby will be glad enough to have it all over. But is this lady really coming here?"—to New York?"

"She is really coming. I was going to ask you about refurbishing the blue suite of rooms for her."

"Why they were refurbished when we were married, two years ago, and nobody has used them but John Lawrence."

"And he smokes. Elizabeth is very sensitive on that subject."

"For a short time Will held his ground about refurbishing; but after Fanny shifted the point of attack from her rocking-chair to his knee, the resistance grew fainter and fainter, and finally the weak husband not only agreed to carved oak furniture upholstered in rich wood colors, but also professed to see the necessity for looking after the carriage."

"That Mrs. Lorimer has had hers lined with dark purple satin, and it is really an effective background for light hair," skillfully suggested Fanny. "And I am so sick of those gray horses! Can't we have, bay ones, Will? They are more English and stylish."

So the oak furnishing, the new car-

riage-lining and the bay horses were determined on, and, what is more, Will Danvers had no sense of having suffered a defeat.

Will Danvers heard a great deal of Miss Atkinson between March and May, and was allowed to read specially wise and lofty paragraphs in her letters. He affected a great admiration for the lady, but in reality he was quite sure she would prove a tremendous bore. "But John and I can get out of it," he reflected; "that is one comfort. And if she manages to put Fan under her thumb, she is cleverer than I am; that's all. I don't believe Fan will give in—much; I never knew her do it. I'll bet twenty dollars they have a civil fight before a month is over, and that Fan comes out ahead."

In a week after Miss Atkinson's arrival Will had modified this opinion. Her appearance was not formidable—quite the contrary. Indeed, she was so petite, so gentle, so appealing, that Will had not at first thought it necessary to guard one of his prerogatives. But gradually he found himself abandoning his dearest rights. "Miss Atkinson was not well; would Mr. Danvers kindly breakfast alone and allow darling Frances to have a quiet talk and cup of tea with her?" Mr. Danvers politely consented, and in a week the favor had become a custom, and Mr. Danvers breakfasted alone as a matter of course.

It was the same thing in everything; Miss Atkinson took possession of his wife, his child and his house. Her cool, calm, authoritative way was irresistible, and she delivered her opinions with such an air of settled conviction in their infallibility that few cared to dispute them. "She was really sorry to find so much to disapprove of in New York society, and she wished she knew how to pass it over, but it was her nature to speak the truth, though it was often a very disagreeable duty."

And even Will gave her the usual credit of this unpleasant characteristic. "It is just her honest, straightforward nature that makes her say this kind of thing," he said to John Lawrence one night; "but I wish she was not so fond of 'plain truths.' Fan is made to see faults in me she never would find out by herself."

"Plain truths!" answered John. "I have always noticed that these people who are so fond of 'plain truths' never feel called upon to tell pleasant truths. I have always refused to meet the lady, Will, because I like women who are not above nice little hypocrisies to please us; but I declare a woman who proposes to accompany us into the woods, and turn our private pleasure into a public picnic, must be a character. I'll go home with you to-day and see her."

"Oh, John, thank you. I shan't feel so helpless against Fan and her then. Poor Fan! She hates the woods, and can't endure a dinner without entrees and dessert; yet this English woman has absolutely persuaded her that she is looking dreadfully ill, and that nothing but a pure natural life will save her from consumption."

To say that John Lawrence had no curiosity about Miss Atkinson would be false. He had heard all about her continually for a month; she was always doing or saying something which contradicted his ideas of what a woman ought to do or say; so that going home with Will was not committing himself to any great act of self-denial.

It was a lovely June evening, and just dusk, as they entered the parlors. They were empty, and they walked through them on to a balcony latticed with vines that overlooked the little plot of city garden. Miss Atkinson was standing in the very center of a small lawn. She was quite unconscious of any observation, and John stayed by an imperative motion Will's first movement to announce their approach. "Let me look at her," he said, in an agitated manner.

As she stood there in the June twilight she was worth looking at. A woman about twenty-eight years of age, of the most delicate type of English beauty. Her small, light figure was exquisitely robed in fawn-colored silk and green lace. She had a pink rose at her throat, and another in her hand, but, even as they looked at her, she dropped it from her listless grasp. For a moment she regarded it pitifully, and then there passed over her face an expression of such hopeless sorrow or weariness that Will was quite startled, and turned to his friend:

"She does not look very bad-tempered now, does she? Why, John, what is the matter? Do you know her?"

"I can not tell, Will. Either I know her, or have been dreaming about her for eleven years, that's all."

Half an hour afterward they were sitting side by side in the gas-lit parlor. Every trace of sensibility had left Elizabeth's face. That womanly melancholy that had made her so lovely in the twilight garden had quite vanished. She was now only a keen, clever little woman.

But somehow John felt sure that she had assumed a character, and was playing up to it. "She is a clever actress, and enjoys interpreting her role; but why she chooses to do so is a question."

And from this evening forward John Lawrence fell as completely under the spell of Elizabeth Atkinson as Fanny had done—with this difference: Elizabeth soon became aware that in this case her slave was also her conqueror.

Will was disgusted with the whole position. He took a couple of servants and set off to the Adirondacks without John, who did not now want to go fishing. He seemed, indeed, to desire nothing but to idle away the long summer days in Fanny's garden or parlors. Necessarily Elizabeth and he were often left alone, and it was a noticeable thing that after the first two weeks of their acquaintance they found nothing to dispute about in their interviews. Elizabeth sat quietly rocking and pretending to sew, and John watched her and pretended to read.

Sometimes they glanced at each other, sometimes they said a few words, but John was really gaining a silent victory.

Then there would be days in which Elizabeth rebelled against this growing power over her, and at such times she resolutely refused to leave her own room; but such struggles only left her more weak and impressionable. John conquered by his absence as surely as by his presence.

—On the bill of fare in New York

Italian restaurants coffee is one cent per cup; steaks, chops and stews, three cents; pastry, three cents; beer, two cents; whisky and brandy, three cents.

These places are thronged daily by

persons of all nationalities.—N. Y. Herald.

The first really hot weather had sent the Danverses out to their country home—an old stone house among great pine woods—and John spent most of his time with them. But not one word of love did he say during those charmed weeks of hot summer-tide. They wandered through the pines, and played with the baby, and sailed down the river in the cool mornings and the moonlight nights, and John said nothing beyond the pleasant, courteous words of an intimate acquaintance. In those days Elizabeth was often very weary. "I must wear my mask," she thought; "he must not know how really weak and tender I am. Once! ah! once!—But what did it bring me? Contempt. If women show they have a heart, they invite a betrayer."

It was the last day of August, and Elizabeth was to return to England early in September. It had been a still, hot, exhausting day. Fanny had a bad headache, John was in the city, and Elizabeth was slowly walking her little namesake to sleep in the darkening parlor. By-and-by John came home and sat down. Elizabeth smiled faintly at him, and continued her monotonous walk and lullaby. John followed her every movement. Then the child was asleep, and she was leaving the room.

He stood before her, all his soul in his face. "You will come back, Elizabeth? I want to speak to you."

It was the first time he had ever called her Elizabeth. She knew what he wanted to say, and yet she answered, almost in a whisper: "I will come back."

He was awaiting her return with the greatest impatience. Now that he could no longer withhold speech, he was eager for his opportunity. He met her as she entered, and drawing her passionately toward him, said: "Oh, Elizabeth, you must not leave me now. I have loved you, darling, loved you and sought you, for eleven years."

"Oh, John, I love you, too! But you must know the truth: I have loved some one else the greater part of those eleven years—some one who basely won my childish heart, and then left me to my hopeless misery as makes me tremble yet to think of. I was a simple, loving, romantic soul, and he thought it but a holiday to take all the glory out of my life, and all the trust out of my heart."

"Are you sure of that, darling?"

"Quite sure. He left me in Rome one 1st of November; I never saw him again, and he never wrote me a line."

"He was killed three days afterward, in a pass of the Apennines. There was a long letter to you in his pocket, but it was unfinished and had no address. I have it here. Will you read it?"

"No, no, John; it is too late now. You knew Stephen?"

"He was my dearest friend. We were traveling together. I knew that he was deeply in love with a young English girl, but he was very secret and jealous about this matter. I did not care to irritate him with questions, for he regarded the subject as too sacred a one for common conversation. Sooner or later I was sure he would give me his confidence. Alas! he had only strength after he was stabbed to whisper some words which were quite inaudible, and explained nothing. The brigands who had attacked us suffered me to redeem my friend's body and my own life, and I kept as a sacred trust and relic the letter he had intended for you, and your picture. The lovely face gradually became a dream and a hope to me; I sought you all over Europe; I have not found you now only to lose you, I, Elizabeth?"

She answered at first by a passion of tears and sobs. It was a gracious rain, and washed away all the sense of wrong that had imbibed so many years. It was just, also, that she should first give this tribute to the memory of a lost and wronged love. John understood the feeling, and shared it. After all, it was a short sorrow, from which was to spring for them long years of confident joy.—Harper's Weekly.

Explosives.

Rapid and strong explosives are very useful in hasty operations for the destruction of abatis, palisades, stockades, barriers, and other military obstructions, and they form a regular part of the materiel in foreign armies. They serve likewise to remove walls, houses and other cover for an enemy to destroy witheler bridges, particularly iron-trussed railway viaducts, and in various ways, not necessary to mention, are useful in attack and defence. In industrial uses they have perforated mountain ranges to open rapid communications between nations, have removed rocks and other hard obstructions from the channels of rivers, and destroyed submarine wrecks. They have been applied to break up the subsoil to depths of six to ten feet to aid the growth of trees. They have removed masses of cast or wrought iron which accumulate below the tap-holes of cupolas or form in the crucibles of blast furnaces. They have been applied to navigation and producing inundations. They have sometimes been used in felling trees, but this is not expedient, except for hasty military operations to deprive an enemy of cover or to create an obstruction to his advance. They are effective in removing stumps from fields and from the channels of rivers. The gigantic operations of blasting which have opened lines of communication by land and by water would probably never have been undertaken but for the discovery of quick explosives. For unlawful uses, to serve the purposes of assassination and destruction of property, they can be applied only upon a limited scale and with nearly fruitless results, as experience has already fully demonstrated. Attempts in this way made on a large scale, to force social changes and overturn Governments, would require both time and money and an elaborate plan of operations, which could not pass without detection and suppression, unless favored by organized masses of people sufficient in numbers and power to initiate revolution and war.—General Newton, in North American Review.

—On the bill of fare in New York Italian restaurants coffee is one cent per cup; steaks, chops and stews, three cents; pastry, three cents; beer, two cents; whisky and brandy, three cents. These places are thronged daily by persons of all nationalities.—N. Y. Herald.

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Sheep in Winter.

We have frequently urged upon flockmasters the need of good shelters for their sheep, and even in those Western sections where it has been the custom to pasture the sheep through the winter months, with no shelter whatever, the aggregate losses have taught the lesson that shelter pays. But the mistake must not be made of supposing that shelter will take the place of food. Shelter is not for the purpose of keeping sheep protected from the cold, unless it is bitterly cold, but is for the purpose of keeping them from the storms. Sheep care little for cold weather, but of course that cannot be said of them with reference to food. If either is to be left out of the care given to a flock, it should be the shelter. Sheep have passed the winter upon good food, without shelter, and come out in the spring in fine condition, but they never come out in good condition, without a plentiful supply of good food, however good the shelter may be. Thousands of sheep have no other shelter than an open shed, and they will prefer to be outdoors in good, clear, dry weather rather than being shut up in a warm stable. The fleece of the animal is intended to keep it warm, and it performs its office. If to the warmth thus furnished is added that of a warm stable, the animal will be uncomfortable, and hence the only excuse for shutting sheep up to keep them out of the storms. It is a great deal better to have their shelter of such a character that they can use it or not as suits them, than it is to confine them. If they can have a tight roof above them, and a clean dry floor on which to lie, and a sufficient protection from beating storms, they will want nothing more in the way of a house or shed. When it is convenient such a shelter may be constructed, and yet be so built that when necessity shall require it can be entirely closed up. When that is done, however, the ventilation should be perfect.

But the feeding should be full and judicious from the time the sheep are taken from the pasture until spring comes. The flockmaster understands that it is a delicate operation to change from green to dry foods. It is a radical change in management, and must be made as easily as possible. Roots at such times play an important part, and they are important as food all through the winter months. Of these the sugar beet, with its 81.5 per cent. of water, 1.00 per cent. of flesh formers, 15.40 per cent. of fat formers and 1.3 per cent. of woody fiber, comes first in value; man-golds, composed of 87.78 per cent. of water, 1.54 per cent. of flesh formers, 8.60 per cent. of fat formers and 1.12 of woody fiber, come next; rutabagas, with 89.40 per cent. of water, 1.44 per cent. of flesh formers, 5.93 per cent. of fat formers and 2.54 per cent. of woody fiber, stand third; yellow turnips, with 90.57 per cent. of water, 1.80 per cent. of flesh formers, 4.64 per cent. of fat formers and 2.34 of woody fiber, are fourth, and white round turnips, composed of 90.43 per cent. of water, 1.14 per cent. of flesh formers, 2.96 per cent. of fat formers and 2.00 per cent. of woody fiber, come last.

As to the quantity of roots to feed, experience must determine. As a general rule it has been stated by sheep raisers that one-tenth of a bushel of roots per day, together with one and a half pounds of hay and a half pound of meal or bran is sufficient for a sheep weighing a hundred and fifty pounds.

It will be found by beginners in sheep husbandry, as all experienced flockmasters have found, that sheep like a change of food, and besides pleasing the sheep, change of feed aids us in getting rid of some of our foods which are less valuable. What we need particularly in feeding fattening sheep in winter are fat forming foods, of course, and the more oil or fat the food contains the better it is. Sugar and starch are turned by the processes of digestion into fat, but it requires a much larger proportion of either of these to produce a given weight of fat than it does oil or fat. It is estimated that it requires two and a half times more of sugar or starch to produce a certain amount of fat or to maintain respiration than it would require of oil or fat. We see a practical illustration of this by comparing corn and cotton seed meal. Corn contains over sixty-eight per cent. of fat formers, while cotton seed meal contains only about thirty-three per cent. But the cotton seed meal contains sixteen per cent. of fat, while corn contains but five per cent. Take flax seed. It contains fifty per cent. of fat forming elements, a lesser proportion than corn contains. But thirty-seven per cent. of these elements is oil. Flax seed and cotton seed are really the most valuable fat producers that we have.

For the growing animals we want flesh forming foods. And in this connection we give a formula which Randall recommends as a capital substitute for oil cake, and as furnishing a very fine food for a growing animal. He also recommends it for a ewe giving milk. Ground linseed forty pounds, wheat bran sixty pounds, flour of bone four pounds. Eleven per cent. of this is fat formers and the balance flesh formers, saline matter and water. —*Western Rural.*

Bill Ayr and the Young Folks.

Parents and teachers ought to be mighty patient with children. Some have more capacity and some more memory. Some are slow and some are quick. It is not the smartest child that makes the smartest man or woman. It is a powerful strain on some of 'em to keep up, and the dull ones oughtn't to be crowded until they hate books and dread the time of going to school. Some folks send their children to school to get rid of 'em, but my opinion is the parents ought to help the teacher every night. It shows the children how much interest they feel in their education. It is a sign of a good teacher when the children get ambitious to keep up and get head marks, and bring their books home at night and want to go to school if it is raining a little. Wrap 'em up and let 'em go. There is nothing that demoralizes a school boy like staying at home every few days and getting behind the class. We used to walk three miles to school, and we never minded it at all. It was a frolic all the way there and all the way back, and we did have the best dinners in the world. Delmonico never had as good things as our mothers used

to fix up for us. It seems to me so now.

A child's life is full of romance and fun—the best sort of fun. A child's dreams are splendid, but we don't dream now, hardly ever. I used to read Robinson Crusoe and dream it all over again. How I did long to be shipwrecked on an island and raise monkeys and goats and parrots. Show children are generally sure children, but they don't show off much. Daniel Webster was most always first in his class, but when he learned anything he never forgot it. Some boys are wild and restless and have no love for books, but they oughtn't to be given up or hacked or abused continually. If they have good parents they will come to themselves after while. They will sow their wild oats and gather the crop and get tired of that sort of farming. I was reading the other day about Oliver Goldsmith, who I reckon was the worst vagabond in all England, and was kicked about and abused by everybody, and got in jail, and sometimes slept in the corner of the fence and liked to have perished to death, but he came to himself at last and made one of England's best and greatest men. The three worst boys that ever lived in Rome are now good men, splendid men, and are honored and respected. They had good parents. Give a dog a bad name and everybody wants to kick him.

Good men ought to notice the bad boys specially, and speak kindly to 'em and offer to help 'em and make 'em feel that they are not Ishmaelites. Some boys get so much abuse at home and abroad that they are astonished when a decent man speaks to 'em. Some folks give 'em no consideration but want to see 'em go to jail or to the calaboose, which is the worst thing that can be done for a boy, for he never gets over it and grows desperate. It is astonishing how long a little sin or a little humiliation will follow a boy. One time a boy stole a quarter of a dollar from another boy at school, and that followed him to his grave. He got to be a great man and was thirty years in Congress and was a Senator, and one day, when he made a bitter speech against the corruption of the opposite party and denounced their stealing and plundering by wholesale, one of his opponents replied by saying he would remind the gentleman that preachers of morality should come into the pulpit with clean hands—that Ben Franklin said, 'He that would steal a pin would steal a bigger thing,' and he asked no quarters from the gentleman on that score.'

So, boys, remember and keep your hands clean. Folks will forgive mischief and a heap of other things, but they won't forgive meanness.—*Bill Ayr, in Atlanta Constitution.*

Fashion Notes.

Ellen Terry bonnets and slippers are already displayed.

White kid bonnets are imported, trimmed with a flat garniture of pearl and crystal bead-work or hand painted around the edges in small, delicately-colored flowers and buds.

Opera pelicans made of white Ziblinette, with hat and fan of white ostrich tips, are the height of fashion just now. These are mostly worn with toilettes of dark blue, ruby or dove-gray velvet.

Though less universally worn, the reign of large-plaided materials is not over; but few costumes are made of them solely, combinations of plain woolens or velvets being considered better taste.

The newest have the tunie blouse front draped on the cross, the diagonal lines not then having the effect of increasing size.

The style of a certain waist worn over half a century ago is now copied and admired by ultra-fashionable young ladies. The waist is sharply pointed front and back, while over the front is laid a shirred piece which reaches from the throat to the extreme point, where it ends in a bow and ends of satin ribbon. The sleeves are puffed and shirred, and are exceedingly high on the shoulder.

Tailor-made costumes of dark blue, green or brown velvetine, with toque and muff to match, will be in great fashion this winter. The furore for velvetine is greater than ever, but it is positively necessary that it be of the best quality only. Some very attractive costumes are being sent over by leading modistes of London, Paris and Vienna, of a combination of soft woolen plaids and velvetine, and also of velvetine and ottoman cloths in monochrome.

Many ladies are now wearing half capes and mouchou mulls made of dark velvet bordered with brilliant feathering. Muffs and collars made wholly of fine feathers are conspicuously fashionable, and usually match the bonnet or turban. As a rule, golden brown feathers are in great quest. Brown is undoubtedly one of the colors par excellence, and it is wonderful how innumerable are the tones discoverable in a color that would seem to admit of so few variations.

Some of the new French polonaises of velvet are shaped in front to form a waistcoat. The sides lengthen into long panels, which reach nearly to the foot of the dress skirt. The trimming borders these panels, and is carried up each side of the bodice portion framing the waistcoat. Handsome medallions and pendants of passementerie are placed in the centre of the panels, and on the richer models these are very often nearly covered with a magnificent silk embroidery tufted with raised chenille work.—*N. Y. Post.*

The will of Kate Townsend, the woman who was killed in New Orleans recently, has been admitted to probate. Curiously enough, the fortune of over two hundred thousand dollars, which she had accumulated, is left in bulk to the Russian who murdered her, and who is now in jail to stand trial for the crime. Another incident worthy of note in this terrible tragedy is the name of the murderer—Sykes—for, taken in connection with the history of the lives of the unhappy woman and her brutal lover, it recalls to every reader of Dickens the curious story of Nancy and Bill Sykes.—*N. O. Picayune.*

According to the decision of a Baltimore Justice, a husband is liable and can be sued for whatever slander his wife utters.

Georgia charges circuses two hundred dollars for each exhibition.

Diamonds for Drills.

"Diamonds are comparatively cheap nowadays," a rock drill manufacturer said, "and the diamond bit sets used in the diamond drills do not cost as much as they did."

"Are genuine diamonds used in these drills, or are they chaffed diamond drills because the steel has an extremely hard temper?" the reporter asked.

"Diamonds are used in the drills. They are chiefly one and two carat stones. At present they cost about twenty dollars a carat. They are in the rough. The diamond-set bit is hollow. It is a steel thimble, having three rows of diamonds embedded in it, so that the edges of those in one row project from its face, while the edges of those in the other two rows project from the inner periphery respectively. The diamonds of the first mentioned row cut the path of the drill in its forward progress, while those of the outer and inner periphery of the tool enlarge the cavity."

"How are the diamonds set in the bit?"

"The bit is of soft steel, in which holes are drilled. After the diamonds are fitted the metal is hammered against them so that they remain firm."

"Do the diamonds wear out?"

"Their edges which come in contact with the rock get a little smooth, and they are taken out and reset, so that a fresh edge is presented."

"Have all the hollow drills three rows of diamonds?"

"No. Some have only one row, but these are not very large. The diamonds stand out from the steel setting, so that the steel does not come in contact with the rock."

"How are the diamond drills worked?"

"By a rapid rotation varying anywhere from four hundred to one thousand revolutions a minute. There are different machines used for different kinds of drilling. For deep boring a machine with a double oscillating cylinder engine is used, mounted on an upright or horizontal tubular boiler. The machine has a screw shaft made of heavy hydraulic tubing from five to seven feet in length, with a deep screw cut in the outside. The shaft also carries a spine, by which it is feathered to the lower sleeve gear. This gear is double, and connects by its upper teeth with a beveled driving gear, and by its lower teeth with a release gear, which is a friction gear, and is fitted to the lower end of the shaft, to the top of which a gear is feathered, fitting to the upper gear on the screw shaft, which has one or more teeth less than the upper gear on the feed shaft, whereby a differential feed is produced. This friction gear is attached to the bottom of the feed shaft by a friction nut, producing a combined differential and frictional feed, which renders the drill perfectly sensitive to the character of the work through which it is passing, and maintaining a uniform pressure. The drill rod, made of heavy lap-weld tubing, passes through the screw shaft and is held firm by a chuck at the bottom of the screw shaft. To the lower end of this tubular boring rod the bit is screwed, and to the upper end is a watch swivel, to which connection is made with a steam pump. You can see by this that the machine is very simple and not likely to get out of order."

The reporter fell into a chair. When he came to, the drill man was saying:

"The screw shaft, being rotated and fed forward, rotates the drill rod and bit, cutting an annular channel—"

"Where do you get the diamonds for the bits?" the reporter asked in desperation.

"They come principally from Brazil, Some come from Siberia and some from the South of Africa; the latter, however, are more glassy and are not so tough as the Brazilian diamonds, and are much more likely to crush under pressure."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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The Evolution of the English Post-office.

James I established the first post office in England, but only for foreign mails. His son, Charles, however, extended the system and started the first domestic line, but his object was not so much to accommodate his subjects as to inaugurate a profitable monopoly, against which, by the way, the House of Commons, fought most lustily. They were, however, a few years subsequently the foremost in putting down an attempted opposition post started by the royalists.

Up to the year 1784 the privilege of franking was allowed to all members of Parliament and to official departments, and it had by that time grown to be a great abuse. Members were in the habit of distributing vast quantities of franking among their friends, and of providing their servants with them in such numbers that these latter drove a flourishing trade in them. But in this year severe restrictions were imposed and continued till the abolition of franking in 1840.

Up to the year 1784 the mails were carried on horseback. They were now transferred to the much faster passenger coaches, whose time continued to improve with the improvement of roads and appliances till the maximum of about ten miles an hour, including stoppages, was reached early in the present century. But even this would not do, so in 1830 the first mail was carried on the railway from Liverpool to Manchester.

In 1792 the first money order business was done, but the business never attained great proportions till 1840, when the Governmental charges were very much diminished.

The savings bank was established in 1861. The telegraph system of the country was taken over by the Government in 1870, while the "parcels post," strange to say, did not come into being until August 1 of the present year.—*Cor. National Republican.*

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Trimming an Elephant's Feet.

Yesterday Prof. George Arstingstall and four assistants were occupied all day in trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed three times a year—once on the road, once in the fall and again in the spring.

The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails upon each foot, and as it grows thicker and thicker it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. When the work of trimming is undertaken, the elephant stands upon three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a big tub. Two men hold the leg down and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then Prof. Arstingstall, with a two-foot drawing knife, proceeds to shave off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot. Shavings of bone six inches by four and a quarter of an inch thick are rapidly cut, the edges of the foot being carefully trimmed. Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, etc., are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work into the leg and produce a festering sore. A large nail was found yesterday in Pallas' foot imbedded over three inches from the bottom. Prof. Arstingstall extracted it with a small pair of pincers, then syringed the wound with warm water, and subsequently covered it with tar. The Professor, when hurried on the road, sometimes draws out such nails with his teeth. Pallas apparently suffered great pain, but seemed to know that the operation would give relief. He held the foot high and quietly what he did not know. The Professor then flourished his trunk, trumpeted, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks.

After paring the foot, each toe-nail is cut between and then filed down, giving each foot a white, clean look with its settings of polished nails. It takes about six hours to finish dressing an elephant's feet, and it is said to be one of the hardest bits of work that the men have to do. While busy making the chips fly, Prof. Arstingstall said: "Did you know that three times around an elephant's front hoof is his exact height?" "No. Is that so?" "Yes, and to prove it, look here." Then he proceeded to measure the front foot of the brute, and three times its circumference was found, by mounting a ladder, to be the exact height of the animal.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Cor. New Haven Register.*

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FOR PRESIDENT,
that uncrowned King of every Democratic
heart,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in
Humiliation,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate
for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed
Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the
Democracy of the First Appellate District.

REPRESENTATIVE Blackburn has introduced
a bill in Congress for a public
building at Lexington, to cost \$125,000.

The petition nuisance already threatens
Congress. Kansas proposes to send
a document with 20,000 signatures
asking that a Soldiers' Home be established
in that State.

A WISCONSIN man was found under a
haystack yesterday. He had been there
twenty-four days without food or water,
and was willing to admit that hay as a
steady diet was not very fillin'.

GOVERNOR KNOTT's style of purifying
the Kentucky Penitentiary differs materially
from that of his predecessor. Instead of discharging the prisoners, Proctor's plan is to discharge the officers.

Thos. S. PETTIT, of Owensboro, who
ran against James Clay for Congressman
from the Second district, has been appointed
Tally Clerk of the House. Mr. Pettit was Tally Clerk at the last State
Democratic Convention.

If Sullivan is to be permitted to knock
an ox down upon the stage in New York,
there should at least be the same fair
play that is exercised at Spanish bull
fights. The ox should have a chance to
knock Sullivan down, and our mouey
goes on the ox.

The President has sent the following
nominations for recess appointments in
Kentucky to the Senate: Walter Evans
Commissioner of Internal Revenue; J. W. Colb.,
Surveyor of Customs at Paducah;
Edward Farley, Collector of Internal
Revenue for the Second District of Ken-
tucky.

The bill to divide the State into two
United States judicial districts has again
been introduced in Congress. All that
portion of the State east of Gallatin, Owen,
Scott, Woodford, Mercer, Boyle, Casey,
Russell and Clinton counties will consti-
tute the Eastern district, with courts to
be held at Lexington, Covington and Cat-
lettsburg.

"To the victors belong the spoils," is a
national adage, and is one that Gover-
nor Knott has as much right to observe
as anybody. Therefore, we most heart-
ily indorse everything that he does in way
of remunerating his friends for past favors.
There are too many little one-horse-pa-
pers wagging their jaws with a great deal
of inconsistency just at present.

Virginia has eleven cotton factories,
and Georgia has fifty, all paying a divi-
dend of from eight to twenty per cent.
It is only a question of a very short time
when the cotton industry will be confin-
ed wholly to the South. This will have
the effect of liberating several hundred
thousand slaves now in bondage of the
Northern manufacturers, after which they
will vote as they please.

The New York Herald, (Rep.) says of
Carlisle being elected Speaker: It
means that old fogies of the party—men
afraid of their principles have lost their
hold, and the young men of the party,
men to whom politics means something
more than mere office-getting, have come
to the front. If the Democratic leaders
have energy and intelligence, Carlisle's
election means a sweeping Democratic
victory next year. For the first time in
many years there is before the party a
fair prospect of success in popular favor,
which they have long been seeking by
many devious and false roads. At last
they are on the right track. The result
is a severe disappointment to the Repub-
lican politicians, who exclaim illogically
but loudly, that it gives them the next
Presidency.

PHOTOGRAPHY of the stars now forms
an important part of the work done at the
Harvard Observatory. A region of the
heavens 15 degrees squares is photograph-
ed at a single exposure, and eighteen of
these pictures may be taken on a single
plate. A map is thus made of a section
of the stellar vault 90 degrees long by 45
wide, showing stars down to the fifth and
sixth magnitudes. Smaller stars, down
to the eighth magnitude, are shown in
photographs of smaller areas. The mag-
nitudes indicated by the photographs do
not always correspond to those recorded
as the determinations of eye observations.
This is due to the effects of different
colors among the stars. A red star, which
may appear very brilliant to the eye,
produces only a faint impression on the
photographer's plate.

Sitting Bull's Speech Before the
Common Council.

"Warriors and war-scarred veterans of
the frontier: Once more the warpath
is overgrown with bunch grass, and the
tomahawk slumbers in the wigwam of
the red man. Grim-visaged war has
given place to the piping times of peace.
The cold and cruel winter is upon us. It
has been upon us for some time.

"The wail of departed spirits is on the
night wind, and the wail of the man
with the chillblain answers back from the
warrior's wigwam.

"Children of the forest we are few.
Where once the shrill war-whoop of the
chieftain collected our tribe like the
leaves of the forest, I might now yell till
the cows come home without bringing
out a quorum.

"We are fading away before the march
of the paleface, and sinking into oblivion
like the snow-flake on the bosom of the
Stinking Water.

"Warriors, I am the last of a mighty
race. We were a race of Chieftains.
Alas! we will soon be gone. The Bull
family will soon pass from the face of the
earth. Ole is gone, and John is failing,
and I don't feel very well myself. We
are the victims of the paleface, and our
lands are taken away.

"A few more suns and the civilization,
valley tan, and hand made sour mash,
and horse liniment of the paleface will
have done their deadly work.

"Our squaws and pappooses are scat-
tered to the four winds of heaven, and
we are left desolate.

"Where is The-Daughter-of-the-Tem-
pest? Where is The-Wall-Eyed-Maiden-
With-the-Pealed-Nose?

"Where is the Victoria Regina Dei
Gracia Sitting Bull? Where is Knock-
Kneed Chemiloon? Where are Sway-
Back Sue and Meek-Eyed Government
Squaws?

"They have sunk beneath the fire-wa-
ters of the goggle-eyed Caucasian. They
have succumbed to the delirium triangles,
and when I call them they come not.

They do not hear my voice. Their
moans are heard upon the still night air,
and they cry for revenge. Look at the
sad remnant of the family of Sitting Bull,
your chief. One sore-eyed squaw is left
alone. Her face is furrowed o'er with the
famine of many winters, and her nose is
only the ruin of it's former greatness.
Her moccasins are worn out, and the sol-
dier pants she wears are too long for her.
She also is drunk. She is not as drunk
as she can get, but she is hopeful and
persevering. She has also learned to lie
like the white man. She is now an easy,
extemporaneous liar. When we gather
about the camp fire and enact our un-
told lies in the gloaming, Lueretio Borgia
is also becoming slovenly. It is evening,
and yet she has not donned her evening
dress. Her back hair is unkempt, and
her front hair is unbung. Pretty soon I
will take a tomahawk and bang it for her.
She seems despondent and hopeless. As
she leans against the trunk of a mighty
oak and scratches her back, you can see
that her thoughts are far away. Her other
suspender is gone, but she don't care
a cold smooth clam. She is thinking of
her childhood days by the banks of Min-
nehaha.

"Warriors, we stand in the moccasins
of a mighty nation. We represent the
starving remnant of the once powerful
Sioux. Our pirogue stands idly on the
shore. I don't know what a pirogue is,
but it stands idly on the shore.

"When the spring flowers bloom again,
and the grass is green upon the plains,
we will once more go upon the warpath.

We will avenge the wrongs of our nation.
I have not fully glutted my vengeance.
I have seven or eight more gluts on hand,
and we will shout our war-cry once more,
and mutilate some more Anglo-Saxons.

We will silence the avenging cries of our
people. We will spatter the green grass
and grey greasewood with the gore of
the paleface, and feed the white-livered
emigrant to the coyote. We will spread
death and desolation everywhere, and fill
the air with gum overshoes and remains.

Let us yip up our lives dearly while we
mash the paleface beyond recognition,
and shoot his hired man so full of holes
that he will look like a suspension bridge.

"Warriors, there is our hunting ground.
The buffalo, the antelope, the sagehen
and the jackass rabbit are ours. Ours to
enjoy, ours to perpetuate, ours to transmit.

The Great Spirit created these ani-
mals for the red man, and not for the bil-
ious tourists, between whose legs the
cheesnut sunlight penetrates clear up to
his collar bone.

"* * * * *

"Then we will ride down on the regu-
lar army, when I am thinking of some-
thing else, and we will scare him into
convulsions, and our medicine men will
attend to the convulsions while we sample
the supplies.

"Then we will take some cold sliced
Indian agent, and some bay rum, and go
on a pic-nic.

"Warriors, farewell. Be virtuous and
you will be happy; but you will be lone-
some, sometimes. Think of what I have
said to you about the council fire, and
govern yourselves accordingly. We will
not murmur at the celluloid cracker and
cast iron codfish ball, but in the spring
we will have veal cutlets for breakfast,
and peace commissioner on toast for dinner.

The squaw of Sitting Bull shall
have a new plug hat, and if the weather
is severe, she shall have two of them.

"Warriors, farewell. I am done, I
have spoken. I have nothing more to
say. Sic semper domino. Plumbago
erysipelas, in hock eureka, sciatica, usu-
fruct, limburger, gobrough."—[BILL NYE.]

HENRY J. SCHWARTZ.

JOHN SCHWARTZ.

H. J. SCHWARTZ & BRO.

WILL MOVE SATURDAY, TO THEIR

ELEGANT NEW STAND,

formerly Hill's Marble Works, where they
have fitted up the handsomest

SALOON AND BILLIARD ROOM

in the city. They will keep the finest liquors, cigars and tobaccos
at retail, and from their large beer cellar will be ready to supply
both city and country trade in the best beer at city prices.

GO TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF OLD

SANTA CLAUS

-- AT --

Jo. Z. CROXTON'S

-- FOR --

Christmas Goods, Toys, Fire-Works, &c., &c.

He has a car-load of everything pertaining to
the Holiday trade, and keeps a line of goods not
found elsewhere in the State. Call early and
pick from the top of the lot.

FRESH OYSTERS!

I am receiving direct from Baltimore
FRESH OYSTERS from the old reliable
house of E. B. Mallory & Co. House-
keepers can depend upon getting the very
best oysters and perfectly fresh.

W. W. GILL.

Farm at Private Sale.

THE JAMES H. THOMPSON FARM, SIT-
uated $\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of this place, on the
road leading to Headquarters, in Nich-
olas county, and containing

300 ACRES,

may be bought privately at any time between
this and the 25th day of this month, but if
not disposed of by that date, it will be
advertised for public sale.

The farm has on it a large and substantial
two-story stone dwelling; a new barn capa-
ble of containing fifteen acres of tobacco,
and a large orchard bearing select fruit.

The land is first quality, red soil, and nearly
all of it excellent tobacco land. It will be
offered at a moderate price.

All claims against Mr. Thompson must be
presented to the undersigned, legally stat-
ted, by the 20th of this month. Apply to
MILLERSBURG, KY., Dec. 1, 1883.

OUR CLUBBING RATES

THE BOURBON NEWS clubs with the Detroit
Free Press for \$3; with the Texas Sifters for
\$3; and with the Weekly Courier for
\$3. The News in addition gives a premium
book worth a dollar, and the paper free
from now until January 1st, 1884, terms
invariably cash in advance.

JACKS FOR SALE.

I HAVE for sale five splendid Black Jacks,
with white points, 3 years old, 15% hands
high. They are of the best breeding, des-
cending from Napoleon, Buena Vista and
Imp. Mammoth. Two of them took the
gold and red ribbons at an Fair. Any
one wishing to buy will please call and see
them at J. M. NROE LEER'S,
Paris, Ky.

JUST LOOK AND LISTEN!

During stoppage of Paris Mills preparatory
to building one of the very best Mills in Amer-
ica, exclusively Roller Machinery and with des-
igns for the largest flour and meal mills in
the world, we have arranged with our
Brother Millers to supply us with various
grades of flour to run our trade during sus-
pension. Some of our good grocery friends over
in town officially inform parties that we
are not selling flour, such is not the fact "and
they well know it." Capt. E. F. Spears of Bour-
bon Mills and Rogers & Boston of Carlisle are
furnishing us a very good fancy flour, and have
had a large amount of it sent to us. Rogers &
Moyette & Moyette to furnish us with their
gold patent flour which the "World
cannot beat." This flour is made exclusively
by full sets of roller machinery, no mill stones used
in its manufacture. We have a large amount of
this flour and millers who are shipping flour to
Paris conveying the idea that they make full
roller flour. It is impossible to make a quality
of flour by this half process to compete with
full roller flour.

We especially request my patrons to try
the Robinson & Co. gold patent flour. Guar-
anteed to fully come up to representation or money
refunded. In fact this guarantee extends to each
and every brand or grade of flour we sell.

Very Kindly and Ever Truly Yours,
WM. SHAW.

Paris, Ky. Dec. 7th, '83.

[7dec-83]

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN

— TO BUY YOUR —

Christmas Confections

— IS AT —

PHIL. NIPPERT'S!

Everything pertaining to the confectionery

line, consisting of Cakes, Candies, Fruits,
&c., can be bought at the lowest retail prices

at present, on Main street, Paris, Ky., oppo-

site Odd Fellows' Hall. Do not leave town
without calling in.

[dec-10-83]

FRUIT AND CANDY STORE.

A fine stock of foreign and domestic fruits,
Candies, Confections, Nuts, Fire-works &c.

especially selected for the holiday trade, your
custom respectfully solicited.

deci-83

FRANK CELLA.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING
on my customers to write an advertisement for
his sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly
say that I have just returned from New York,
and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN.

All that I can say now, is to COME--yes, come
NOW and lose no time yourself in securing
pick and choice from my large and varied selection
of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest
bargain of your life, call and examine our goods
and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME
AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

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